

The Elephant and the Wolves

A Fable about Bullying for 7th Graders

The wolves at the zoo loved to tease the other animals. One night after the zoo closed, they escaped their enclosure, and spent the evening tormenting different creatures. “Look at the giraffe’s long neck and spots—they look ridiculous!” “Look at the penguins’ funny walk—they’d never make it in the woods where we’re from!” Then they stopped at the elephant’s cage. “His nose!” His ears! His wrinkly skin!” The wolves spent the remaining hours until dawn mocking the elephant. The elephant suffered the indignity patiently and in silence. When morning came, the zookeepers found the wolves out, and decided to move the wolves to a new, more secure cage—next to the elephant.

A few weeks passed, and the wolves took every opportunity to tease their new neighbor. Early one morning, before the zoo opened, there was a fire in the wolves’ cage. Help us!” they cried. The elephant waves his enormous ears to try and put out the flames, but they just grew more intense. The wolves howled in fear. The elephant drank up a trunkful of water, pushed through the bars of his cage, and extinguished the fire. Their fur singed and smoking, the wolves panted,” Why did you help us? We were so mean to you.”

The elephant replied, “Compassion has brought me more than cruelty—along with a big nose and big ears, I have a big heart.”

Written by Quinn Rollins, Rosemary Baron, Barry Borduc, Mark Catmull, Pat Daskalas, Dawn Hauser, Robert Lindsay, and Glen Loveland

Buster and Katie

A Fable

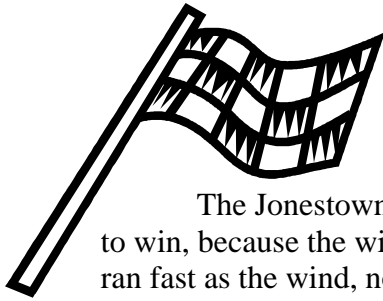
By Kim Harbath, Kim Wanlass, Barbara Aryton and Nan Kemp

Located on the southeast corner of Purina Street and Dog Chow Lane, was a gigantic junkyard that was ruled over by an equally gigantic, mangy, one-eyed dog name Buster. Buster spent each day patrolling the entire length of the 7-foot high, barbed wire topped, chain-link fence, guarding against intruders.

Each day at 9 am little Katie the cockapoo pranced by on her morning stroll. One day Katie's stroll was interrupted by Buster, who launched a vicious attack at her through the fence. After that Katie chose to walk on the opposite side of Purina Street, where she could ignore Buster's rude behavior.

One day the fence gave way under Buster's attack. Though he was slightly confused, as he had never been out of the junkyard, he leapt into the street towards Katie. Being a one-eyed dog Buster failed to see the dump truck coming at him on his blind side. Katie, who was quite knowledgeable about streets and traffic, yelled out in horror, "Look out! Look out!" Buster stopped in his tracks and the truck sped past him just a few inches away.

That day Buster, the junkyard dog, learned that valuable friends are sometimes found in unexpected personages.



FARM FABLE

The Jonestown Race comes only once a year on July 4th. All the animals wanted to win, because the winner got a year supply of their favorite treat. Billy the Bloodhound ran fast as the wind, nose solidly to the ground. Felix and Francis Fox, twins, were fast as well. Shelby the Shy Chicken knew she could fly low when given the chance. Tom the Turkey was full of pluck. Hoppy the Hare moved by leaps and bounds. All were confident they would win this year for sure.

Mayor Horace the Arabian Horse stepped to the podium.

"We welcome you all to our July 4th celebration! We come to run the annual Jonestown race. We have run this race for over twenty years, some of your parents have even run this race. To all participants, Good Luck and may you run fast!"

The runners stepped to the line. Billy jockeyed with Felix for position. Francis was home sick according to Felix. Tom and Shelby fluttered next to one another. Hoppy was focused on the Mayor, as they all waited for the mayor to start the race. The race was to the forest and back, almost two miles away. The crowd was hesitant and seemed to hold its breath. Each person had a favorite among the participants.

The Mayor raised his hoof and each animal tensed in preparation. His hoof slammed down sounding like a gun going off. The crowd cheered as the participants sped towards the distant forest. Billy shot off the line into an early lead followed closely by Felix. Hoppy was bounding close behind Felix. Tommy and Shelby got their tail feathers crossed and started off the wrong way. As they started up the hill, Felix fleetly forced his way into the lead as Billy scented second place. Hoppy ran like a hawk was on his tail. Shelby had gotten untangled and swooped quickly behind. Tommy had lost his left wing directional feathers and ran in circles near the starting line. As the runners left sight, the crowd waited expectantly.

Moments passed in tense excitement when around the corner bounded Felix firmly in the lead with Hoppy nibbling at his heels. Billy was nowhere in sight, with Shelby a distant third. Felix quickly finished the race roaring across the finish line to the cheers of the crowd. They gathered around Felix congratulating him. Olivia the Wise Owl swooped in and started talking quietly with Shelby the Shy Chicken. Meanwhile the Mayor had given Felix his medal and the certificate for his years supply of treats. As silence descended, Olivia the Wise Owl was heard to say.

"You need to speak up Shelby. I will help you."

"What do you mean, Miss Owl?" Shelby spoke quietly.

"You know what I mean!" said Olivia knowingly.

"No, I don't!" said Shelby shiftily.

Olivia realized that Shelby wasn't going to tell what she had seen during the race and asked for permission to make an announcement.

"Felix and Francis Fox cheated to win the race! The fox before you is actually Francis Fox, not Felix. I saw them change places at the turn around in the forest, as did Shelby the Shy Chicken."

Just then a baying was heard from Billy the Bloodhound. They found that he had cornered Felix in his foxhole as he followed his scent during the race. He knew that he smelled something rotten. Because of their dishonesty, both foxes were never trusted



again and Shelby the Shy Chicken realized there were times when even shy people need to speak up when wrong is being done.

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With the able help of the 8th and 9th grade team at the Communities of Caring Workshop, August 2nd, 2006.

Marty Moose and His Mighty Antlers

One day Marty Moose was out grazing in the meadow while Jesse Jackalope was next to the pond admiring the reflection of his beautiful antlers. Oh, how he wished that he could have those large, velvety antlers.

As the winter snow approached, Marty Moose placed his antlers under his usual tree until the following Spring.

Jesse Jackalope came up from his burrow and quickly grabbed the majestic antlers and placed them on his head.

Marty Moose said, “Those are my antlers!” Jesse Jackalope replied, “Well, I found them under the tree, so now they are mine.”

As time went on, Jesse Jackalope realized that the majestic antlers were heavy on his head and that they were far too big to fit into his burrow. Because of this, he had to spend his days outside in the cold winter snow. Jesse Jackalope began to cry and said, “These antlers don’t belong to me. I guess I will return them to where I found them.”

In the Spring, Marty Moose walked back to the usual tree and to his surprise, he found his antlers. Jesse Jackalope was found nestled in his burrow with a smile on his face knowing that he had learned a very important lesson.

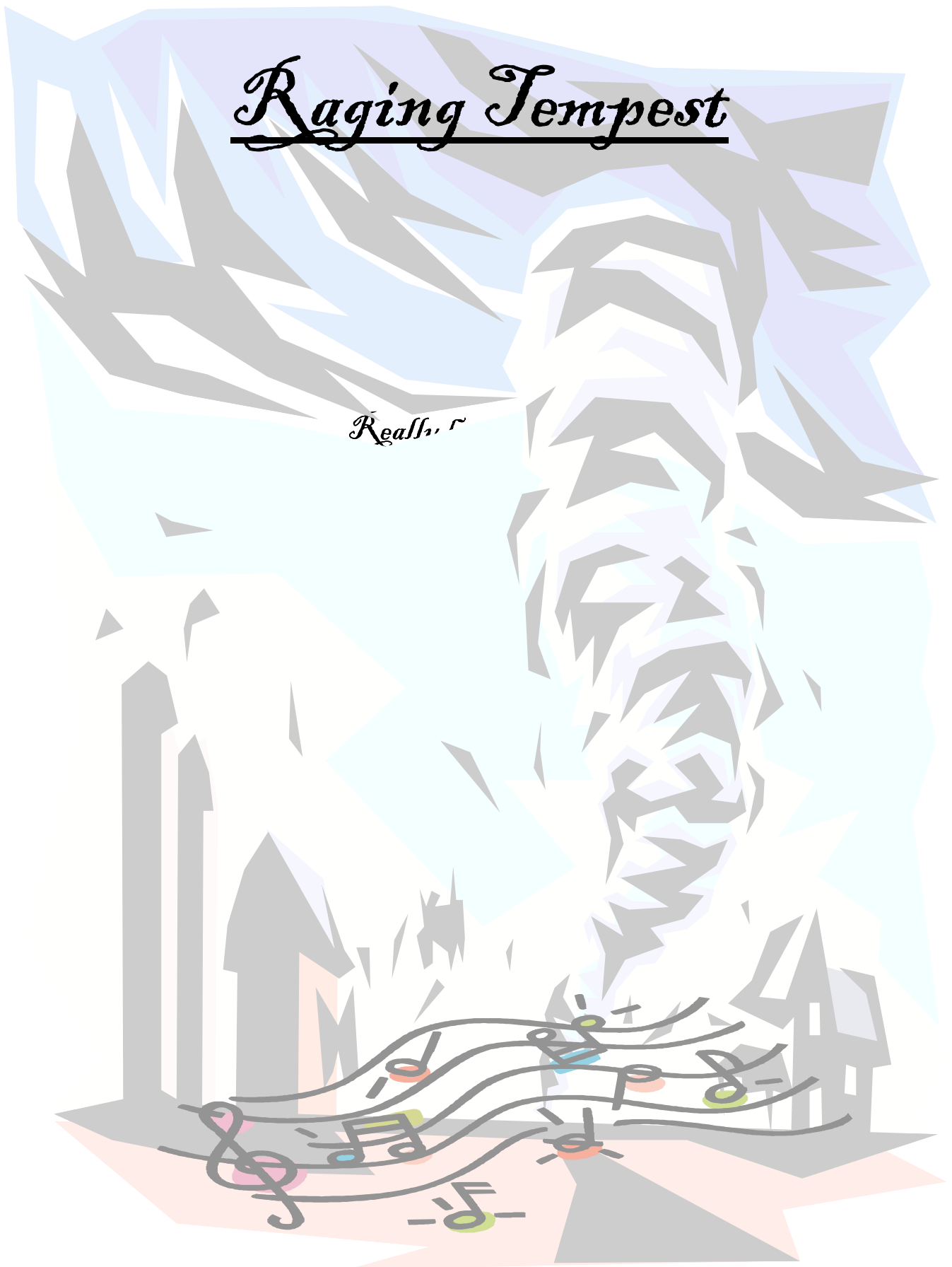
Moral: Don’t pick up things and keep them, unless they belong to you.

Written by: Jade Crown, Lori Jackson, Diane Caldwell, Marty Lind, Bonnie Madsen, and Pauline Purser from Second and Third Grades

Vice: Second and Third Graders have a problem with picking things up and assuming that they belong to them

Raging Tempest

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By L. Carvel Wilson

The Wolf and the Beaver

Once there was a handsome wolf who was the leader of a pack of wolves. One day they ran to a stream to get a drink. By the stream lived a kind beaver, but he was all alone and had no friends. When the wolf came to the stream, beaver asked wolf, "Will you be my friend and play with me?"

"No," said wolf. "Your teeth stick out funny." The beaver was sad and walked away.

The next day the pack came for another drink. Beaver asked wolf, "Will you be my friend and play with me?"

"No," said wolf. "Your legs are short and you can't run as fast as me." Beaver was very, very sad.

A few days later wolf was running through the forest. His bushy tail brushed against a sharp trap. "SNAP!" went the trap, and chopped off wolf's beautiful tail! When wolf went back to his pack, all the wolves said, "You can't play with us anymore. You have lost your tail!"

Wolf was so sad. He walked down to the stream. Big tears began to roll down his muzzle. Just then beaver came over to him. He had heard what the other wolves had said to wolf. Beaver exclaimed, "I don't care if you lost your tail. I will be your friend!" Wolf replied, "I am sorry I was so unkind to you." Then they went off together and played every day in the forest.

MORAL: Friendship is more than tail deep.

Contributors: Margaret Holyoak Jones, Kathy Sutherland, Ellen Larsen, Chris Oviatt, Brenda Smith, Sheri Palmer, Helena Langford, Calvin Purser, Cindy Whinham, Joan Krogman, Pauline Purser, Brooke Elder.

Grades 2-5